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LOST AT MOANZA

One of the saddest experiences which we have had here for some time came to us recently. A darling little boy of about three or four years, the son of one of our workmen, attempting to follow his mother to her gardens got lost in the woods. Every effort to find him was fruitless and we had to face the distressing fact that, although probably not far off, he was lost and perhaps was being devoured by the elements of nature or by one of its wild creatures.

Another child had seen him go off and had warned him not to wander into the woods alone, but the warning was unheeded. The little one had determined that he was going to find mother and off he went on his disastrous search. Far into the night our search went on with torches and every light obtainable, but to no avail.

The night before a leopard had entered the workmen's village and killed a pig. Who knew but that he might then be prowling around. Many scoured the woods all night in spite of a cold rain, but the little one remained lost. In the morning we heard a jackal and we wondered whether he had found the precious object of our search instead of us. Then another cold drenching rain, a couple of days

passed and our hopes of finding the little body grew fainter. For three days the father wandered about aimlessly, not knowing where to look further, for the woods and high grass had been minutely gone over for an entirely reasonable distance with no sign of the little boy. Then he asked me for my field glasses, anything to help him find his baby. Where could he possible be? He must be found! Many of us spent sleepless hours wondering where else we might look for the child or whether at that very moment some wild beast might have found him while we were helplessly planning what else we might do. We could only console ourselves with the fact that He who first learned to play with African children and who later taught of His Father's great care of the sparrow that falls out of its nest must surely know and care for this little lost child.

Meanwhile the "bambutas" (elders) of the mother came, but instead of searching they wailed and mourned while one of their number went to a witch to inquire where the child might be found. On the second day the messenger returned with the word that a grandmother who had been dead for some time was holding the child under a tree near a certain road. The relatives were to pay a certain large sum to some one in the village, go in the direction of the tree and beseech the grandmother to give up the child. To make sure, the relatives asked us to help them find the tree. After very careful consideration, and you can easily see why, we decided to interrupt our search while the relatives were following the indications and directions of the witch. After a long time they returned and announced their failure. Then I bid them sit down and tried to reason with them. I told them of One who loved the little ones infinitely more than they.

I pleaded with them to turn from the binding darkness to the shining Light which had come to them, from self deception to self consecration, from evil spirits to an eternal Saviour.

It seems to me that the children are now praying more earnestly for those lost outside of Christ. And frequent references to the three parables of our Lord in Luke 15 show that their thoughts have turned from one dear little one who is still lost to us here, to multitudes about Moanza who are lost in a far more real sense.

Theo. E. Bubeck

WHEN LIGHTNING STRIKES

On the night of September 16, near midnight, lightning struck the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Smith were living. The crash shook us all, then we heard Mrs. Smith call, and almost immediately she was on our porch, gasping, "Our house is on fire, the lightning struck at the head of my bed!" She had the baby in her arms; Smithy had stayed to save what he could from the fire.

Benny rushed for the school boys and I for the girls, but it was in vain. There was no time for anything, the roof had blazed and the ceiling too, immediately, and the house was full of fire and smoke. In about fifteen minutes the whole house was gone. Smithy and Tuluka (the native pastor who lives nearest our houses) by an almost superhuman effort got out the heavy organ before the roof fell in, and that was all that was saved from the house. The fire did not spread to the office and the kitchen for a few minutes, so the letter files and a few other things were saved there. Otherwise everything is gone: furniture, personal things, the groceries that should have

lasted till they went on furlough, books, pictures..... everything.

There was a terrific wind and we are thankful that no other buildings were ignited in spite of the sparks and bits of blazing grass that were carried long distances. Thankful, too, that no one was hurt when cartridges, tins of food and tins of paint exploded in the fire. Some of the cartridges were blown a long way, as we found later when working on the ruins, and there was a crowd of people around.

When the worst was over and we realized that actually nothing could be done, we came over to our house, where Mrs. Smith had stayed with the baby. The storm was still severe and we were all tense, so we thought a cup of hot tea and some dry clothes might be next in order. The relief note came when Smithy appeared, white and shaken, in his drenched bathrobe, and pulled out of his pocket an old alarm clock that he had picked up when he left the burning house. The lightning struck in the bedroom, just between their two beds, and we still consider it a miracle that they escaped. Viola had a slight burn on one shoulder and Smithy a bruise on his head, otherwise all three were unhurt. We had a sincere prayer of thanksgiving, then we put everybody up for the night as well as we could to try to get a little rest, though of course there was no sleep for anybody.

We have been thankful for White Cross boxes, especially when it came to dressing little Robert. There is no other child around who could share clothes with him, so he has been wearing little flannelette shirts that were originally intended for the native babies.

It has been a marvelous lesson for our native Christians. That any one could see all his worldly goods disap-

pear in fire and smoke and not sit down and weep and howl was incomprehensible to them. They have assured us over and over again that they have no precedent for quietness and thanksgiving in face of such adversity, and they say, "Now we can truly see that your faith is in God and not in your material things". They have shown their sympathy in every way that they could. The night of the storm a number stayed up all night to watch and see that the fire did not spread. Many in the district wrote letters in as soon as they heard about it. The school children collected their centimes and gave a new Bible and hymn book each to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and were very happy in doing it.

The ruins smoldered and smoked for a number of days. It was a sad looking affair with heaps of clay where the walls had caved in, a few charred posts sticking up, bedframes twisted out of shape and blackened. Since Smiths are to go on furlough in the spring, they have decided to live with Miss Anderson until then, rather than try to put up another mud house temporarily. Miss Anderson has only recently moved into her new house of sun dried brick. The veranda is very wide, so by building a wall of sticks and leaves on one side an extra bedroom can be made.

We are waiting for the advice of the executive committee before we decide anything about rebuilding. Unfortunately, of the two mud houses, the one that burned was the newer. The one that we occupy will certainly have to be replaced in a year or at the most two. We hope that somebody can come here next year when Smiths go home, and we should have a place for them to live. When we think of the time and money that these temporary buildings take, both to build and to keep

habitable (new mud in the walls, new grass on the roof), we long for the time when we can put up some brick buildings. It is not surprising that the house burned so quickly with the thick grass roof and the mat ceilings, but we can hardly help thinking how different it might have been if we had brick houses with iron roofs. This is the third time in three years that lightning has struck our mission station here at Kikongo. Mr. Smith has put up some "home made" lightning rods. We hope they will work, for the rainy season seems to have started in earlier and with greater force than usual. We have already had several severe storms since the night all this happened.

We are still filled with wonder and thanksgiving that no one was hurt. We hope that "all good times (or bad) are three" and that lightning does not strike Kikongo again.

Rhoda Armstrong

THE AUXILIARY COUNCIL

Although I personally attended the first meeting of the Auxiliary Council of the American Baptist Mission in Congo, I have waited until after attending it a second time through the eyes of our delegates before writing about it.

We feel that this meeting was a vital point in the history of Congo Baptists. On two other occasions meetings have been held with representatives from the churches of the whole field, but they were meetings in which the missionary played a relatively large part and in which the discussions centered mostly around questions of church policy. This meeting was the first effort of the Christians from the churches of the

Congo Baptist Mission, to work as an auxiliary organization of the Congo Conference in an attempt to share the problems of the work.

The reactions of the delegates from our own Kikongo field make us realize what a foreign experience this was to them. Their reports to our churches, the youngest of the Congo Mission, have made us see with new eyes how much progress has been made in the older fields.

To Nkuti it was a marvel that the delegates from the churches of the Bas-Congo and Kwango areas should be interested enough in the pigmies of Tondo to want to spend their money to send a delegate to visit that far-away field and help with their problems. It was difficult for him, so comparatively new to the gospel teaching, to understand why the Christians of the other fields should be interested. It grieved our hearts at the time of the meeting that he should not feel led to offer to share the expenses of such a venture. But as we listened to him express his own marvel of it all at the meeting of his church last night, we understood that he was only then beginning to comprehend it.

Nene was overcome with wonder that a woman like Mangunga, the pastor's wife at Leopoldville, should assume the responsibility of providing for the collective feeding of the Council delegates. Over and over again he is telling his people that it is possible for women to have a large place in the work of the Lord, that they need not "be without sense like chickens". Nene, our ragamuffin who made us wish that he didn't look quite so much like a tramp before the other delegates.....our Nene is awakening a desire in the hearts of his people to take their women out of the slavery which now binds them. Evidently all of the value of

these meetings was not to be found within the scope of the agenda.

In striking contrast to our inexperienced young men, were the tried and proven spiritual leaders from the older fields, and some not quite so old.

From May 31 to June 8, 1936, sixteen men and one woman, representing eight stations of the A.B.F.M.S. (including Kimpese which is a joint station with the B.M.S.) met together to share their experiences and to try to find a way out of some of their common difficulties. Dr. S.E.Moon, Dr. G.W.Tuttle and Rev. L.A. Brown met with the Auxiliary Council as delegates from our own Reference Committee, whenever they were needed. At other times the whole Reference Committee met with the Auxiliary Council, especially on the first day which was set aside for prayer.

The following questions were discussed and solutions found in many cases: The question of old-age pension for pastors and teacher-evangelists; Means of reaching villages that do not have a teacher-evangelist; how to help villages that are without school materials; The sending of a delegate to Tondo; How to stimulate giving on the part of students at the Kimpese training school for pastors and teachers; Mutual knowledge on the part of native church and missionaries of all funds, both foreign and local, for church work; Regional school policies; Rules for choosing students for regional schools and Kimpese; Requirements to be met by catechumens before baptism; Games and amusements compatible with Christian living.

In spite of the fact that "Robert's Rules of Order" were a handicap to the spontaneity of many of the delegates, a great deal was accomplished during the

week's meetings. Without any doubt, the greatest single accomplishment was the feeling of unity in a vast task under an incomparable Lord and Saviour.

Viola L. Smith

KIMPESE MUSINGS AND MUTTERINGS

Due to quarantine restrictions in force from Matadi to the Nkisi River during September, for poliomyelitis, school could not begin until the first of October. This afforded the Morrishes and myself, just back from furlough, ample time for settling into comfortable living conditions. Owing to Mr. Carpenter's remaining an additional year in America for further study, we have all needed to take on a bit extra, and so are carrying on as best we can. Janet Christine Morrish joined our staff in October and affords us all much pleasure and delight as we watch her developing personality.

We are distinctly disappointed in the scholastic attainments of entering students of both pastoral and normal classes this year. They are not up to grade. Probably the short-staffed conditions of most of the sending stations in part accounts for this lowered standard. We are quite as concerned about the quality and preparation of pastoral applicants as we are of normal ones. Both should have attained the ability to pass examinations on Second Degree syllabi as outlined in the "Report of Second Educational Conference held at Kimpese in 1933". An annual perusal of said report is recommended to all our friends at other stations. It is not alone in French but also in Bible knowledge and other fundmental subjects that they are found wanting. Applicants for the normal course should be

able to read the simplest French articles published in "L'Evangile en Afrique" and to take dictation from the same, if they are to qualify for a moniteur's diploma within the three year period now in force here. We cannot grant diplomas except to students fully qualified according to government standards. Great disappointment and chagrin are felt by the student who, although having done his best, fails to secure the coveted diploma because of insufficient preparation. It is very doubtful if most of this year's first year normal men can qualify for diplomas within the three year period.

We have a rather large class of still less well prepared men, but older, in the two year pastoral course. They are earnest, well-intentioned fellows, eager to get as much as possible out of the courses offered them. Most of these men will probably do fairly good and consistent work of a sort when back in their home districts. But the Congo Church must have a far better educated, more effective, higher type of leadership than they offer, if the fruitage of the missionary work of the past half century is to be entrusted largely to its charge within the next twenty-five years.

It behooves us as a mission body to take cognizance of our educational shortcomings and of the lack of effective coordination in the outworking of our educational set-up. Far too few of our boarding school graduates are applying for entrance to pastoral or normal courses at Kimpese. This is very serious. Its cause should be sought. Boarding school curricula should be closely geared into those of E P.I The pupils must be challenged to devote their lives to disinterested service for the Master in behalf of their own people. Certainly we do not expect all or even the majority of

boarding school graduates to seek further training at Kimpese, but we have every right to expect a much larger proportion than are now willing to come. Graduates from these schools would qualify scholastically. Most of our students are not graduates of these schools, at least not within recent years, during which time our boarding school standards have appreciably advanced.

For the pastoral student leaving Kimpese there is a traditional, rather well defined pattern of service into which he fits with comparative ease and more or less efficiency under the inspiration and guidance of a theologically trained missionary and experienced native pastors.

But what about the graduate of the normal department, the moniteur? Does he fit into the traditional pattern? To whom is he to look for inspiration and guidance in his new adventuring in the educational field?

When the matter of developing a distinct normal department for the training of moniteurs at Kimpese was under discussion, it was believed that the newly developing regional schools and station schools would require the entire output of this department for a considerable number of years. The regional school is primarily the moniteur's job. But for it there is no traditional pattern save that of the station boarding school which does not fit sufficiently well to insure success. Each of our stations should have a keen educational missionary serving its regional schools in the capacity of a Jeanes teacher, a missionary whose major interest is in the development of these schools. He should be able to spend a couple of weeks several times a year in the school village and its feeding towns inspiring

the teacher with the worthwhileness of his task, helping him to set up a program not only for school hours but for the extra curricular hours spent in gardening, sports, up-keep of plant, discipline, etc. It must be remembered that while the ordinary village teacher is responsible for his pupils only during school hours, the regional school teacher is both teacher and chief of his school town, and must be able to meet not only the usual daily round of responsibilities but emergencies as well. The educational missionary in close cooperation with his colleague in charge of the church work, ought to be able through his contact with the feeding villages to develop ways and means for the financing of these schools and the paying of an adequate wage to the teachers. Most of us deplore the state of the average village school these days. The regional school is our hope for resuscitating the village school and for preparing suitable pupils for station boarding schools. It is also the school for which we should hope to seek recognition from the government, and possibly subsidies. But without such missionary support, inspiration and practical help the moniteurs will not be able to make the grade. If these schools fail in achieving a good and honorable standing in the community and in the scrutiny of government officials it will be a very serious blow, quite possibly a death blow, to our Protestant educational work. Two years ago Kimpese sent out its first normal graduates: men of whom we were proud, men who we believed would do effective work. Is it any wonder that some of the most promising, left alone to do the best they could with a new project in a period of financial and moral depression, have failed? It has been a tragic experience for some of these young men.

Now what can we do about it? Dr. Lerrigo's reply to Mr. Shanks of Washington, published in the Watchman-Examiner of November 12, 1936, gives us but the faintest of hope for new missionaries for the Congo even if the Forward Fund is completely raised. Possibly one such educational missionary could cover the regional schools in the Banza Manteke and Sona Bata areas with comparative success. To attempt to spread out his work further afield would, I believe, vitiate it to a point of non-profitableness. This is a piece of intensive cultivation requiring frequent visitation of regional schools. A normal graduate should accompany him in training for a Jeanes teacher. I say him for I think it is a man's job. There should be the closest of cooperation and understanding between this educationalist and his colleagues and the Kimpese staff. Under present discouraging, almost hopeless, staffing possibilities I frankly do not see the way through to securing such missionary appointees. It could only be with great sacrifice that one for the Bas-Congo, one for the Kwango and one for the Tondo areas could be possible within the next few years. But it seems to me that Protestant missions are challenged NOW to do effective educational work or hold their peace or, what is far worse, have their Protestant communities fall under the instruction of another Confession. For which of you desiring to build a tower, doth not first sit down and count the cost, whether he have wherewith to complete it.

Catharine Mabie

The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

A DEACON TESTIFIES

Today I rejoice because of what the Good News has done for me, my wife and children, and those who gave me birth. When yet a child, the time I do not know exactly, I saw that our land was a land of confusion and wickedness. I saw that when a rich man or a chief died his relatives executed many people by decapitation. Some who were alive, after having had their arms and legs broken, were buried with the dead. Many, after having their necks broken, were eaten, even as many as six. I also saw that those who were killed in battles were eaten. There was much evil and sin. Because we were in need of the good news we were in darkness.

But then the breaking of dawn! The good news of Jesus which came with Pebe (Mr. Clark) and his friends was a Light that has brought about a great change. And now many have an opportunity to change their hearts by believing in Jesus. We have refused the darkness and come to the Light, hence those things of long ago we do not witness. It is well now, for we see that they were evil and wicked. Such things we refuse to see or think of. But even though there has been a very great change yet there are many people still in darkness; they need to know Jesus. For this reason we need teachers to make known to us and to teach us the love of Jesus. I want you to realize our great need.

Today I rejoice because of the way Jesus has taken care of me and my wife. Today we are His. I have one wife and children. God has given to my wife and me eleven children, eight of whom are left, three having been called by Him who gave them. I am happy because

my wife and I and most of our children have believed in Jesus. To believe that He is my Saviour is the greatest thing in this world, nothing can surpass it. Today many rejoice because they have accepted Jesus and have made the great change. We give God thanks because He has sent to us teachers who have come to make known the wonderful works of Jesus.

Deacon Boncei

AN AFRICAN SEMINAR

Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, in an appreciation in the New York Times, April 21, 1936, of Dr. John Henry House, missionary to Macedonia and well-known international servant, summed up his own convictions of the essentials of community life as being: recognition of the necessity of vocational service, appreciation of the soil, community health, respect for womanhood, the vital place of family life and sound means of recreation for body, mind and spirit. "Above all", he declared, "Dr. House, who established these essentials in life in his mission field, believed in the power of religion to prepare the individual and the community for effective and cooperative service. Certainly the results of his devoted services are substantial evidences of the soundness of his methods and his ideals."

Last winter it was our privilege to listen to Dr. Jones discuss these fundamentals as applied to the needs of Africa with a group of 25 graduate students at Yale University. Not only Dr. Jones but other specialists in their fields were we privileged to hear during the other seminars of the year, as well as members of the group themselves, almost all of whom

had had practical experience in non-western lands, and a majority of whom were from Africa: our own George Carpenter, Ray Phillips (author of "The Bantu Are Coming"), three British South African educationalists, three native African graduate students. But most significant of all was the fact that the professor giving the seminar was the experienced educationalist, scholar and lecturer, Charles T. Loram, formerly supervisor of education in South Africa. A man of broad experience and a loyal Christian, he never hesitates to express his firm conviction of the necessity for the Christian religion in any scheme of education which regards the forming of character as part of its aim. It did one's heart and mind good to hear this reiterated many a time in these seminars of the Graduate School of a great university like Yale.

In these meetings all our discussions started with the fundamental socialogical principle of the subject under consideration, including a brief study of the background and customs of the indigenous peoples. Thus we were led to the immediate problems needing practical solutions, and then, facing these issues, we heard presented and discussed plans and projects proposed, or in many cases already carried out, in different lands, especially in various parts of Africa. What can we teach an indigenous population, 90 percent of whom do not receive more than two years of schooling, if any? Literacy, yes; the word of God, as much of its reading and of the principles of Christian living as possible; health instruction; nature study, including the simple principles of planting; above all the formation of character. "The school must regard itself as an element of society, a segment of life of the community,

not an extraneous institution....This.....implies abandonment of many unconscious assumptions of western education.'' (from Chapter V of the as yet unpublished thesis of George W. Carpenter: "Cultural Adjustments through Education in the Bas Congo'', 1936.) In other words, teaching of any kind must be related to daily life.

How illiteracy has been tackled in the Phillipines, India, Malaya, Egypt, Turkey, etc., was presented by Dr. Laubach, a specialist in his field, who has devised a simple and enjoyable syllabic system which has had amazing and rapid results in those countries where it has been used. The ''little teacher'' plan, used in China — a child teaching older people to read, and the mass education movement against illiteracy, was described by Dean Kwei of ''Yale in China''.

At other meetings ''How can we improve health conditions in Africa?'' was discussed at great length. Simple and practical public health programs for a community, especially as they might be put across by the cooperation of the local teacher, the community and the medical authorities, were presented. That ''health habits'' schould receive primary emphasis in the teaching of hygiene in village schools, rather than subject material, seemed a reasonable conclusion to most of us — helping the children actually form and practice these habits.

To improve the standard of living in the villages, the need for agricultural and industrial training was also emphasized again and again. Practical courses in these subjects were discussed, ranging from simple nature study and native handicrafts in the village schools, through the study and application of principles

in station or middle schools, to more intensive courses and practice on a larger scale in some specialized schools. How this is being carried out in some measure in South Africa, was shown, as well as in India, and in some rural education in the United States, including the very practical and stimulating "4 H Clubs" (for primary grade) and "The Future Farming Association" (for high schools).

Of course teacher-training and the amazing success of the Jeanes teachers in many parts of Africa were taken up. Education for home and family living; adult education; training for use of leisure time: for reading, for looking at pictures, handicrafts, music and other forms of wholesome recreation, also received a fair share of discussion, especially recreation and music. The characteristics of African music and the importance of music in the life of an African were presented in a most interesting way by Miss Roberts, in charge of the research department of music at Yale. "Let native composers develop their own music and hymns", she said, "let them hear and take what they like of European music; never try to superimpose it." Among people who have made the great contribution of rhythm to the world of music, the physical expression of which plays such an important part, it is dangerous, she pointed out, to suppress all rhythmical reactions, such such as the clapping of hands or some slight swaying in time to the music, such as she had witnessed in a Christian church in Jamaica, where it was done in the most reverent manner and with the most beautiful singing. How little motion songs for school children had been quickly and easily composed by native teachers, as a simple illustration of both these principles,

was immediately pointed out by one of our group, Mr. Steitler, a South African missionary, supervisor of the educational work in Nyasaland, of the South African Lutheran Evangelical Church.

Two interesting sessions were spent in listening to Dr. Hendy, an anthropologist whose special field is the Polynesians, peoples of the islands of the Pacific, describe the original religion of these peoples and its overthrow by Christiantiy. "They, and your peoples in Africa," he declared, "need mental hygiene and a scientific explanation of superstition and witchcraft, not just simply a denial of these things." From his years of observation and knowledge of conditions in these islands, he gave us some warnings gleaned from the successes and failures of missionary work there. Naturally a religious people, whose whole life had been linked with their primitive religion, they are now tending to live a double life, he explained, because their Christian church is by no means rooted in the life of the community, the missionaries are attending more to their "jobs" instead of sharing with the people as they first did, and their native pastors are more or less imitations of white missionaries and not an integral part of the community. "And you in Africa", he concluded, "will have similar results if you do not take heed" and see that your churches are firmly rooted in the life of the community, meeting its needs, contributing to more abundant living, spiritually, socially, economically.

This would by no means be complete, even in a brief resumé, without speaking of one of the most important subjects considered: negro education in the United States. Not only was this studied and discussed, but above all, it was seen in action, so to speak, in our three weeks'

tour of seven southern states, visiting negro schools, colleges, and communities. Under the guidance of Professor Loram himself, eighteen of us travelling in four cars drove the three thousand or more miles, were received into the institutions, had interviews with well-known negro leaders, educationalists, business men and pastors, as well as with the inter-racial committees of several cities. Howard, Atlanta and Fisk, the leading negro universities, were the high spots academically. Tuskeegee, of course, as an outstanding example of a combination of academic and industrial training, as well as of a great institution, founded and entirely directed by negroes.

Perhaps the dearest to our hearts, however, was Penn School, an industrial and agricultural high school, located on St. Helena's Island on the coast of South Carolina, where 90 percent of the inhabitants are poor, formerly backward negroes. How this has been developed into a group of self-respecting, self-supporting communities, under the leadership and training given by this one school not only to its students, but also to the parents and other members of the communities, would make a fascinating book. It consists of less than 200 students, I think. Its buildings are simple, constructed entirely of local materials, as are many of the implements, tools, school equipment, etc. Utilization of every available material is stressed, even to pieces of string, old sack, pieces of boards. Before graduating each student taking the normal course must make himself a box of simple school equipment: flash cards, number cards, color samples and a score of similar articles. The school shop, where old carts, plows, hoes,etc., are renovated, where all sorts of materials are utilized and cobbling and basketry are taught, is an education in itself. On the other

hand, the "pupil acre" is equally helpful and instructive, and planting week, when all the pupils go home to plant their "home acres," started while we were there. A monthly meeting of the island leaders took place also during our visit, when we heard reports on the health of the community by the native doctor and nurse; on the religious life, young peoples' organizations, etc.; on the agricultural, industrial, social life of the island, including that of a small but growing cooperative marketing and buying association.

Space prevents my mentioning the "medical" side of the year's studies, during which time Dr. Freas took graduate courses in the Yale Medical School, leading to the degree of Dr. P. H. (Doctor of Public Health). Accordingly, on this trip he visited negro hospitals, medical schools, and various public health projects, rural and municipal, and obtained much valuable and interesting information. But since your editor wished me to share some of the high spots of our year's experience, I have but told briefly of what I saw and learned myself.

In a recent note from Professor Loram he says there is another interesting group in his seminars this year at Yale and that "Carpenter goes on from strength to strength". May we wish him success as he continues his studies for the degree of Ph. D. in Education under the direction of this splendid man, the friend of all Africans, white and black.

Katherine S. Freas

Hard things are put in our way, not to stop us, but to call out our courage and strength. —Anon

NZOBO'S VACATION

Nzobo had been at the mission station three whole years and during all that time she had never been any place else. You remember that Nzobo is the little orphan girl whom the missionary lady found very, very ill in a Congo village. It took just ever so long to make Nzobo well again, but when she became strong and chubby, she began going to school with all the other little girls who came from the villages 'round. about.

Whenever the other girls went home to the villages for Christmas or summer vacation, Nzobo felt very sad. For she had no daddy and mother to go to. It didn't matter that the missionary lady had been taking care of her and giving her clothes such as she had never seen in her whole life before....it still made her feel lonely when the other girls went skipping and running down the mission path with their baskets on their heads as they hurried back to their own villages.

But this year the missionary lady decided that Nzobo was big enough to go for a visit to the village where she was born. So on the day that school let out, Nzobo packed her bundle of things right along with the other girls and she too went off for a vacation.

They walked all the first day and Nzobo's little feet got very, very tired and they burned from the hot path. But she wasn't going to let that stop her. When night fell the girls stopped at the home of some friends in the village of Kikuilu. The next morning they were off bright and early before the sun had finished putting his nose through the fleecy clouds. Their feet just danced at the prospect of seeing home again. Nzobo tried very hard to pretend that some one

would be expecting her, but down in her heart she knew that there wasn't anybody at all who cared that she was coming. Still, it was fun to be with Maladi and Mabi and the other girls from that village who had been at the mission school.

Nzobo soon forgot about being lonesome or anything else for she arrived in the village at a most exciting time. Chief Kasansi, their very own chief, lay dying. There in the center of the village, surrounded by his wives (folk say there were at least twenty wives) and his children and grand-children and the witch doctor, their great chief lay suffering.

Kasansi was not the chief of a small village or clan, but a great chief who ruled many villages and had many sub-chiefs. Each day would see some of his sub-chiefs arrive in the village with blankets or cloth to be buried with their chief. Kasansi had already gathered his large herd of goats together and had divided them among his sub-chiefs.

Finally the day came when it was quite evident that Kasansi must soon die and on that day the witch doctor went to the forest and gathered together the bark and leaves from a special tree. These he brought back to the chief's hut and carefully placed them on hot coals until they were charred to ashes. Part of these ashes he distributed to Kasansi's wives and children and grand-children so that they could rub their bodies and thus prevent his spirit from returning to kill them. The rest of the ashes were buried at all the cross-roads leading into the village so that the chief's spirit could not return as a leopard and destroy the people of the village.

Nzobo felt very trembly and queer inside as she

peeked through the fence and watched all of the witch doctor's gestures. He looked so very wild and acted so funny that little shivers ran all up and down her spine.

When the witch doctor had finished this ceremony, Kasansi called his eldest and second sons to him and in the presence of all the family they distributed that part of his possessions which he intended for his children. To this one he gave a blanket, to that one a goat, to another two pieces of cloth and so on until each of his innumerable children and grand-children had received a gift. But the gifts which he divided among them were only a small part of his wealth. The rest of it was to be buried with him.

By this time the women had begun to wail. The white people think the wailing is a terrible sound. But when Nzobo heard it she forgot all about the three years she had been at the mission school and she remembered only that many many times when she was a wee girlie in the village she had heard that sound. It made her remember that she was all alone in the world and that there wasn't even one relative who would wail for her if she were sick. So she sat very quietly at the edge of the chief's enclosure, and watched the women huddled together, their faces and bodies covered with ashes and painted with clay. They wailed and chanted all through the day and night. Over and over again they wailed, "Our chief, oh, our chief is dying; our chief, do not harm us; woe is me; our chief is dead!"

Nzobo wished so much that she could follow along to the forest, but not for anything in the world would she risk the wrath of the chief's spirit. To be sure, she could go along and see the wonderful tomb being prepared right there near the burying

place of the rest of the village people. A great mound was built up and on it were placed a large quantity of plates, water jugs, various colored bottles and pitchers, wash basins and other things until the tomb was very beautiful indeed in the eyes of the people. Surely the chief would be pleased with a tomb like this and would not want to return and harm his people.

The people were very tired that night as they sat around the village fires and Nzobo was ever so sleepy. In fact she couldn't even keep her eyes open, so she lay down and let the flames warm her toes while the voices of the people continued to murmur and wonder if perhaps any little thing had been forgotten in their ceremonies to propitiate the departed spirit of their chief.

Viola L. Smith

AN ITINERARY AMONG THE BAMPUTUS

The boarding school girls having gone to their villages for the winter months I had the opportunity after returning from the 1935 Conference of making a two weeks itinerary on the other side of the Kwilu River. This was my first visit to any of these villages and the first itinerary I had been privileged to make since 1915 at Lukunga, having always had to remain on the station to look after boarding school children.

Leaving Vanga on the morning of July 14th, I crossed the Kwilu in our iron boat and then started out overland in a "kipoyo". Most of the roads were merely poor crooked foot paths with stumps and sticks and trunks of old fallen trees lying in many

places across the path. Swamps and streams were crossed by means of foot bridges made of poles.

To one brought up on Nebraska's prairies where practically every tree has been planted by human hands, the African jungle with its large trees, often towering up scores of feet without a branch, and its tall stately palms interwoven with vines of various kinds, is most interesting. Between these wooded parts with their streams and valleys were plains and hills of grassy country. Africa is a land of varied scenery.

I had thirteen men in my caravan, to carry me and the things needed for the trip. Deep valleys with steep descent and ascent, winding paths and poor bridges made travelling difficult for them. However, they were very kind and never once asked me to get out and walk, although I did so a few times of my own accord. When the path permitted they went on a dog trot. To keep up their courage they would shout and sing, "He! He! He! He! Ngie ai nzala, yifa nazala!" (I am hungry, I am dying with hunger) and blow their shrill wooden whistles.

The first day we passed through three villages and arrived at the fourth to put up for the night. Services were held in three of these. In the morning, service again, followed by another at noon in the next village, then on to another by night. After a well attended meeting the teacher's wife, who had been one of my school girls on the station, came to talk with me. She teaches a class of girls in the school and also tries to help the women of the village. She said to me, "Mama, when you have taught people and have tried to show them the way of salvation and they will not accept

Christ as their Saviour, what can you do?" I told her that sometimes all we can do is to pray for them and wait for the Holy Spirit to work upon their hearts. The seed we sow often requires time to grow. This young mother has two small children and was anxious to know what kind of food she could begin to give her seven months' old baby who looked rather undernourished. These people have no cows and if they do have goats do not milk them, so the question of proper food for small children is a difficult one.

We had another service in the morning before leaving and then visited five other villages. Thus I spoke six times on that Saturday. In the evening we reached the church center where the people of this particular district gather each month for church business, baptismal and communion services. There they have built a fine large church building of native materials, also a good house for the pastor, as well as over twenty houses for their own use while at their monthly meetings. The pastor at this center has some fifty villages under his care. He tries to visit each one each month, helping and giving council to the village teacher-evangelists and settling any difficulties connected with the church people or school.

In the 14 days I visited 33 villages and 2 church centers and spoke 43 times. Attendance at services varied from 45 to 450, an average of 160. I made over 6000 contacts. And this all had to be done through an interpreter (pastor, teacher or a school boy on vacation) as the language of these villages across the river is not that used on the station. At times the interpreter instead of merely interpreting would elaborate and give a little of his own teaching as well.

I was pleasantly surprised to find in all the villages good, clean, large school and chapel buildings. Everywhere groups of children came to meet me, often accompanied by their teacher, singing songs of welcome. When leaving the village they would follow me long distances, sometimes even to the next town....groups of from 50 to 100, among them little ones of 4 and 5 years old without a stitch of clothing, running like deer, and often with the rhythmic step of the dance. So with the shouts and yells and shrill whistles of the carriers and the singing of the children, one could not become drowsy or lonesome. In many of the villages no white woman had ever been so I was somewhat of a curiosity.

Everywhere I tried to impress upon the people the need of teaching and training the girls as well as the boys. The general attitude of the African man toward women as inferior beings with very little or no intelligence, has given them an inferiority complex which will have to be overcome. I tried to impress upon the people that if a girl tried as hard as a boy to learn, she could learn just as well. I called attention to the heads of the girls, that they were no different from those of the boys. The thing for them to do was to study hard. In all the villages I examined girls and wrote up 53 as prospects for the boarding school.

I enjoyed the change and the opportunity of doing some real evangelistic work. I hope I was able to help some people to get a better understanding of some of the teachings of God's Word.

Hilda J. Bain

Word has come that Mrs. Bain is recovering from an operation performed very soon after her arrival in October at her son's home. The itinerary recounted above was made at the age of 69.

COMMENCEMENT AT BANZA MANTEKE

Commencement at Banza Manteke in 1936 was for the third consecutive year an outstanding event and a marked success. We refer our readers to the July 1934 and July 1935 numbers of the CONGO NEWS LETTER for detailed reports of previous years. We wish to give here a free translation of the address given by Monsieur Tanghe, l'Administrateur du Territoire de Matadi, to the members of the graduating class of 1936:

My young friends, do you think sometimes about the happiness that you enjoy in this mission, and do you understand what it all means? Do you reflect sometimes as to the abyss that already separates you from your ancestors, they who did not have the good fortune to be taken in, cared for, educated and instructed by the missionaries? What would you be today without their devotion to you?

To whom have they devoted their lives? To you, to you alone, to your advancement moral, intellectual and material. To attain this noble end they have left parents, family, friends and country far behind and have consecrated themselves with no regrets and with love in the hope that these sacrifices shall not have been in vain.

Who is it that has taught you to understand these things: respect for life, honesty, justice, purity, love for one's neighbor? Has it not always been they?

For more than half a century this mission has been giving its members who work side by side with the government for the civilization of this country, but there is still much to be done and we need the

help of you who have been thus privileged, for the task is a big one. It is your duty to work with us to assure the prosperity and the greatness of Belgium and the Belgian Congo.

We need teachers to educate the people; we need pastors to make known everywhere the radiant principles of the Christian religion; we need medical workers, clerks, agricultural teachers and under officers of the government. We need good intelligent fathers and wise mothers who have a knowledge of hygiene and who know how to care for and bring up their children in the proper way. And believe me, the example of such model parents will be an active force and will have a far reaching effect.

Your part in the drama of civilization can be accomplished through obedience and work. Obey those who have devoted themselves to helping you. Work courageously and proudly in order that you may become worthy men and women, beings with a strong sense of duty, superior beings spreading about in this world, with love, the high ideals which have become yours.

NTONDO NEWS

Our most important news is the return the first week in November of Dr. and Mrs. Westcott with Grace Anne and Bobby; they received a hearty welcome. For at least two weeks before, patients from near and far had been coming in to the hospital compound to wait for doctor. Doctor and Mrs. Westcott with the native nurses worked hard to get the operating room in order so doctor could perform a

couple of emergency operations a few days after their return. The four little white children here are quite the center of attraction.

The preparatory school is closing at Christmas time and will not open again this year. Mr. Brown is planning a trip to our Bolia section about the middle of January.

Although friends coming to visit Ntondo get stuck in the mud coming through Boboli swamp we hope their spirits will not be dampened for we enjoyed the visits of Dr. Reisner, Dr. Thornbloom, Mr. Mowll, and a number of the D.C.C.M. missionaries.

Among the members of our Ntondo staff we have a very observing little lad in John Duncan Brown. One day he brought me a note from his mother and while sitting on the couch in my bedroom waiting for my answer, he jumped off and stood looking up at a small picture of the Christ child at twelve years, saying, "Oh, Mrs. Metzger, that is just like the picture in the chapel, I wish I had one like that, I would like to have one". I said, "I am sure I have another one, I will see if I can find it for you". When he got to the bottom of the stairs, he turned and said, "If you do find it today you can send it with Yoka and a note". Later in the afternoon when he called with his mother and baby brother he said to me upon leaving, "Don't forget to look for the picture if you can tonight, not tomorrow though, because it is Sunday and you must not look for it then". "All right, if I do not find it tonight I will wait until Monday", I assured him. Monday he received the picture and was indeed a very happy little lad.

Kathryn A. Metzger

MOANZA NEWS

At the close of school, April 30th, sixteen boys received Bibles, eleven received New Testaments and a number received Bible story books or Pilgrims Progress. For these they had been working noon hours, some of them during the entire school year. We believe that these books are not only appreciated but are being read.

The day previous to the close of school prizes were given to those students who had led their classes in the various subjects. Rewards were also given to those showing the greatest amount of skill and originality in the making of pottery, dresses, mats, tables, chairs and beds.

The extreme food shortage continued throughout the entire year, making the continuation of school work at times very difficult. Not a few were ill as a result of undernourishment. The prospects for the present school year are even less encouraging.

Lightning again struck on our little plateau, this time striking the cook house of one of the Banza Manteke boys who is helping in our school. His wife suffered from the shock but has recovered.

In August, after months of separation, there was a happy reunion when Miss Dickey finally returned from Sona Bata, by way of Kikongo, and Miss Jorgenson and Mrs. Bubeck arrived from Vanga on the same day. Mr. Robbins brought the latter group a far as Kitona in the Vanga truck and then came on to Moanza for only one night. Realizing that Mrs. Robbins was alone with the baby at Vanga we could not blame him for hurrying back.

At present the workmen are building their houses

and making their gardens over at the new site, in anticipation of a building program to begin with the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Atkins. (Mr and Mrs. Atkins have arrived at Moanza. We hope to have for a future issue an account of their trip from Sona Bata to Moanza. Ed.)

M. H. Bubeck

KIKONGO NEWS NOTES

In spite of the fact that Kikongo is supposed to be "way out in the bush", or perhaps because of that very fact, we seem to have a number of white visitors. It makes us very happy to know that government people feel that they can come and stay as long as their work will permit and be assured of a hearty welcome. Our own outlook has been broadened by these visits and we are glad for these opportunities to better understand those who are grappling with the problem of governing a primitive people.

Our most oustanding visitor of the past months was the Count de Beauffort, who, in his capacity of Commissaire Provincial, was inspecting our region. His praise of our accomplishment in building up a new station in so short a time, made us very happy, and more than anything else we are grateful for his encouragement of our hopes for developing agricultural education. His encouragement was a practical kind which expressed itself in a generous offer of government support of our project.

Miss Anderson had an opportunity to practice her surgical skill on another of our white visitors, a government Sanitary Agent, who has not failed to be volubly grateful for the relief given by the use of

her sharp abcess knife.

In addition to a large number of government visitors we have had the deep joy of entertaining some of our "own folk". The week that Mr. and Mrs. Atkins spent with us on their way to Moanza was all too short. We should have liked very much to have kept them with us. And before we know it the all too short stay of the Moons will be over. Their presence is a blessing and benediction upon each one of us. Just now they are pegging away at the syllabi for the village schools and when they have finished with them they plan to hold two institutes for village teachers.

The Smiths desire to express their heartfelt gratitude to all the friends who have come to their rescue during the trying experience through which they have recently passed. The loss of all material possessions has been quite outweighed by a sense of His abiding presence so ably expressed through the love gifts of many friends. The senders of white cross boxes from home could hardly have anticipated that some of the little shirts they fashioned for Congo babies would be needed to clothe a little missionary baby who had been snatched from his crib in the middle of the night when his home had been struck by lightning, and burned to the ground.

We had been congratulating ourselves that the food problem was not as acute this year as last. But the hippo must have heard us, for they have been raiding the school corn and sugar cane patches these past nights and our native hunters are a bit timid about tackling them with their "blunderbusses".

Kikongo is rejoicing in the beginning of regular boat service on the Wamba. There is now a steamer every 28

days and thus the assurance of more speedy delivery of our goods.

In the observance of Bible Sunday this year some of the students gave a little play depicting the incident which led to the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The local touches furnished with the dialogues were very apt. After the play and the telling of the story of Tindall, Bibles were distributed to four students, swelling the total to 120, both boys and girls, who have earned Bibles during the year by working during their noon rest period, carrying building materials until they had sufficient credit for a Bible.

Viola L. Smith

VANGA NEWS

At the close of a year which held many seeming discouragements in the spiritual life of our people, we find that the Church, through the power of God, has made considerable progress. During the year there have been 426 baptisms, 210 women and 216 men. The total contributions have amounted to over 90,000 francs (3,034 dollars) for the year, and the work in the villages is wholly self-supporting.

Our appropriation for the boys' school limited us to an enrollment of 191, including a preparatory class of 26 teachers. For the first time since its earliest years we have had a very small number in the girls' school. Our limited staff of women made it necessary to take only 27. This meant not only refusing all new girls, but also rejecting many who were here last year when the enrollment was over 90.

We have not noticed Dr. Osterholm having any spare time since his arrival. Hospital cases during the year have numbered 1200, new babies 115 and major operations 116. Dispensary cases numbered 10,000. Of this number 8,200 were new cases. In addition to this hospital work Dr. Osterholm has the Foreami oversight of a population of nearly 6000, every individual of which must be examined twice a year. This is not all. He has the medical supervision of our whole Kwango area, making occasional trips to Moanza and Kikongo, each station over two hundred miles away.

Helen Robbins

LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS NOTES

Looking back over the past year we realize how our work has progressed under the blessing of God. During the year the native church has taken over responsibility for disbursement of local church collections. A treasurer and two assistants were appointed who count and keep the offerings, pay the pastors and village teachers, etc. To the church it seemed a big step to take, but each step gives new courage so we know they will go on to bigger things.

An impressive Bible Sunday program was given by Mr. and Mrs. Hall and the school children. A special screen was arranged to resemble an immense Bible. As this was opened successively characters stepped out representing each book of the Bible and told who they were and gave a Bible verse. The Old Testament renderings were in Kikongo and the New Testament in Lingala. Mr. Mowll of the British and Foreign Bible Society was present and gave a talk afterwards on the work of trans-

lating the Bible into many vernacular languages. His talk helped us all to see the need of giving in order that our less fortunate brothers may have the Word of Life. The offering for this work amounted to 464.50 francs, which was a considerable increase over last year.

During the year 80 have been baptized and have joined the church.

Christmas at Leopoldville was a very happy one. We had the joy of having Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle, David, Ruth and Dean with us for the day. The Kikongo Christmas pageant was given in the afternoon and a crowd of over 300 people seemed to enjoy it immensely. In the evening we joined the B.M.S. friends in a lovely Christmas dinner and a happy time devoted to games.

The Sunday following Christmas we had the Lingala pageant: "The Man Who Saw Jesus Three Times". Mrs. Hall had this adapted to Congo and it was very good. It is the story of an old shoemaker whose wife and child are dead. He thinks there is little good he can do because he is only a poor shoemaker. He has a dream that he is to see Jesus three times, but he doesn't believe this possible. During the day following he has occasion to help a woman and child, later some children, and then an old sick lady. That night after reading his Bible he rests his head on the table and falls into a sleep and hears, "In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me". The play in a touching way crystalized the idea of service. We all went away blessed, realizing that any labor of love is not in vain.

New Year's Eve brought the pleasure of the company of the B.M.S. friends and Emily Satterberg to

a new fashion party, which we hope to duplicate at some other time.

We shall very much miss our "Pa" (P.A. MacDiarmid) from Leopoldville for he goes soon to Sona Bata to take over the evangelistic work during the Ericksons' absence. Health reasons necessitated an early departure, but we wish our friends a happy and restful furlough.

We in Leopoldville join the other stations in welcoming little Naomi Ruth Bubeck to our Congo family.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin, of the B.M.S., left for furlough this week. We shall miss their happy friendship. We wish them God's blessing on their extended trip.

At the time of writing, the C.P.C. meetings are in session; so we have had several visitors. Mr. Reynolds spoke to us in Kikongo on Sunday afternoon and Mr. Jones of the C.B.M. in Lingala. We enjoyed their messages very much.

Linda Watkins.

A COMPETITION FOR NATIVES

In July we received a letter from the Committee for the Province of Leopoldville of "Les Amis de L'Art Indigène" (friends of native art) asking us to give publicity to the annual contest in native literature. Because of the nature of our July-October number we were unable to comply this year with this request but we shall remind you in a future issue of the contest for 1937.

The winners of this year's contest are:

First Prize (150 francs): Adolphe E. Disengomoka,

Instituteur de la Baptist Missionary Society à Gombe Lutete — pour un recueil de fables, légendes, poèmes, chants divers et proverbes.

Second Prize (100 francs): Antoine R. Bolamba, Commis dactylographe du Foreami à Léopoldville-Ouest — pour cinq contes et legendes.

Second Prize (also 100 francs): Simon H. de Gori, Moniteur de la Svenska Mission-Forbundet à Kingoyi— pour une série de proverbes et maximes, un récit et un chant.

Third Prize (50 francs): Jérémie Kibangu, Moniteur de la Svenska Mission-Forbundet à Kingoyi — pour une légende.

Among those receiving consolation and encouragement prizes were still other Protestants. We congratulate these winners and rejoice with the missions who have had a part in forming them. But why not next year a few participants from the A.B.F.M.S.? (The rules for the 1936 competition were printed in full in the October, 1936 number of the Congo Mission News.)

Our cover: Teachers in the Boarding School at Banza Manteke. The wild savage is fast becoming civilized. Without God he may be led into sins worse than those known to his fathers. By the grace of God he can become a man with a radiant character, a true leader. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
MY SECOND TERM IN CONGO

Nov. 4th, relatives and friends saw me off at the steamer as I left for Congo again. I was very fortunate to be able to leave our precious treasures with my dear parents, sisters and brothers; they have a lovely home. No missionaries take their children to Congo. Malaria and sleeping sickness, and the daily exposure to the bites of Anopheles mosquitos, not to mention contagious diseases, make the care of our children a great problem. Leaving them is to the parents THE great sacrifice. "With Christ I can leap over a wall", sometimes means crossing over on a gang-plank onto a steamer!

In London a day was spent with Rev. Stanley Smith and his parents. Stanley married my sister in China where she died in 1891, their mission field is being greatly blessed.

Nov. 14th, Mr. Joseph Clark came for me and we left London by train for Liverpool, where we joined the Baptist missionary party for Congo: Mrs. Joseph Clark, Miss Bessie Gardner, Messrs. Clarence B. Antisdel and James A. Finch (three new recruits for our Congo Mission). Then there was Frank Tava Clark and Willie from Mpalabala, who were returning to Congo with Mr. and Mrs. Clark, after a period of study in England.

Nov. 16th, we went on board the old S. S. Gaboon which took my husband and me to Congo in 1887. Captain Thompson said that seven steamers had sunk between England and Congo, but that no lives had been lost. He himself had been in one shipwreck.

Jan. 1st, 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Billington, returning from furlough, and Mr. and Mrs Theodore Leger of Banana, all of our Mission, took passage at Banana on the Gaboon bound for Matadi.

Jan. 3rd, we took pilot on board and started. At one o'clock the steamer stuck on a sandbank, listing not a little. Sounding, the steamer has eighteen feet of depth now. The currents in the Congo river shift frequently. One anchor is taken off, but it makes no difference. A river steamer is sent for. The S. S. Hirondelle is steaming towards us. And do I believe my eyes? At the wheel I see my husband! Mr. Clausen, the pilot, had asked his help, as he was steaming down the river. Then, how happy we both were!

Jan. 5th, all passengers were transferred onto the small steamer, but the current was so strong that, in steering away from the Gaboon, the Hirondelle was rushed against the bow of the Gaboon which crushed the railing on our little steamer; the next minute WE went on a sandbank. The S. S. Ruberaix came and tried to get us loose, but the stout rope broke like a thread. Another rope was tried, but with the same result, until the tide came in and Captain Clausen could take us to Boma. The Gaboon was lying two feet into the sand and only 5 to 6 feet of water on the one side. The next morning we left Boma and reached Matadi, just 7 weeks after leaving London, during which journey we had called at 21 places along the coast of Africa.

M.M. Frederickson

(to be cont.)

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Miss Grace Cooper

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Mr. and Mrs.H.J.Watkins
Rev. and Mrs.E. G. Hall

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